TOMB OF DRACULA
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
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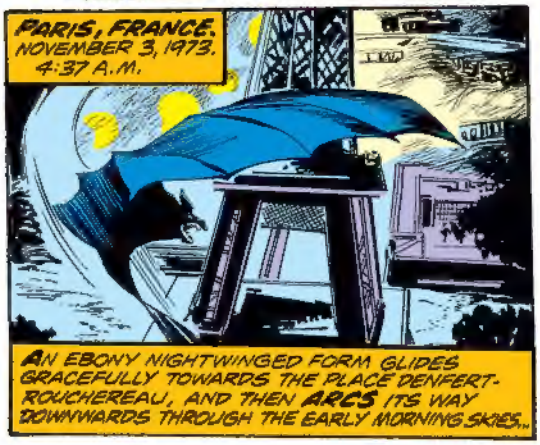
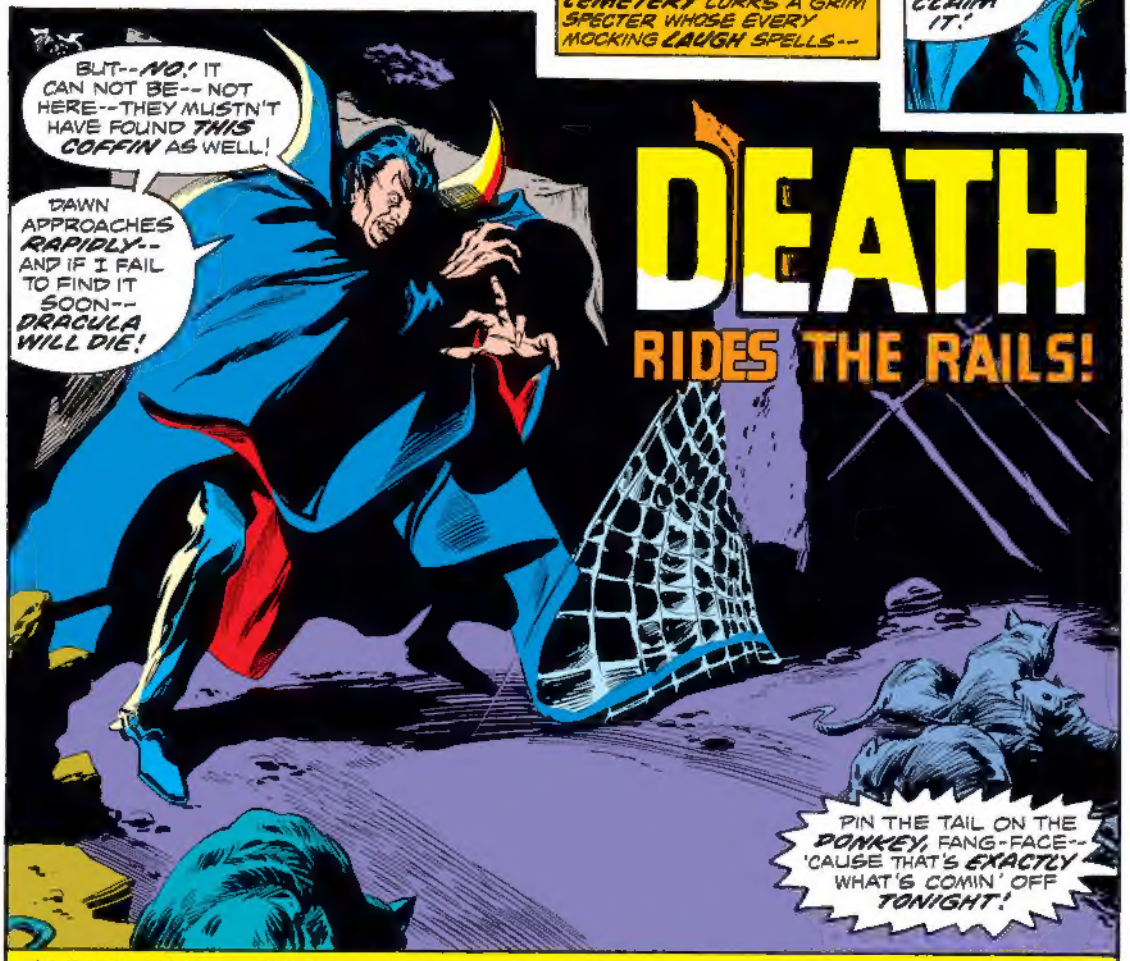
THE TOMB OF DRACULA™
A VAMPIRE RIDES THIS TRAIN
SEE, MOMMY? THERE'S THE NICE MAN I TOLD YOU ABOUT!
HE SAID HE WANTED TO MEET YOU!!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: TOMB OF DRACULA!™


PARIS, FRANCE. NOVEMBER 3, 1973. 4:37 A.M.
AN EBONY NIGHTWINGED FORM GLIDES GRACEFULLY TOWARDS THE PLACE DENFERT-ROUCHEREAU, AND THEN ARCS ITS WAY DOWNWARDS THROUGH THE EARLY MORNING SKIES..

...AND INTO THE DARKENED TUNNELS WHICH HONEY-COMB THE PARISIAN UNDERGROUND.
FOR IN THIS ONE-TIME CEMETERY LURKS A GRIM SPECTER WHOSE EVERY MOCKING LAUGH SPELLS--

DEATH RIDES THE RAILS!


BUT--NO! IT CAN NOT BE--NOT HERE--THEY MUSTN'T HAVE FOUND THIS COFFIN AS WELL!
DAWN APPROACHES RAPIDLY--AND IF I FAIL TO FIND IT SOON--DRACULA WILL DIE!
PIN THE TAIL ON THE DONKEY, FANG-FACE--'CAUSE THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT'S COMIN' OFF TONIGHT!

MARV WOLFMAN / SCRIPT / GENE COLAN / PENCILS / TOM PALMER / INKS / JOHN COSTANZA, letters / TOM PALMER, colors / ROY THOMAS, EDITS

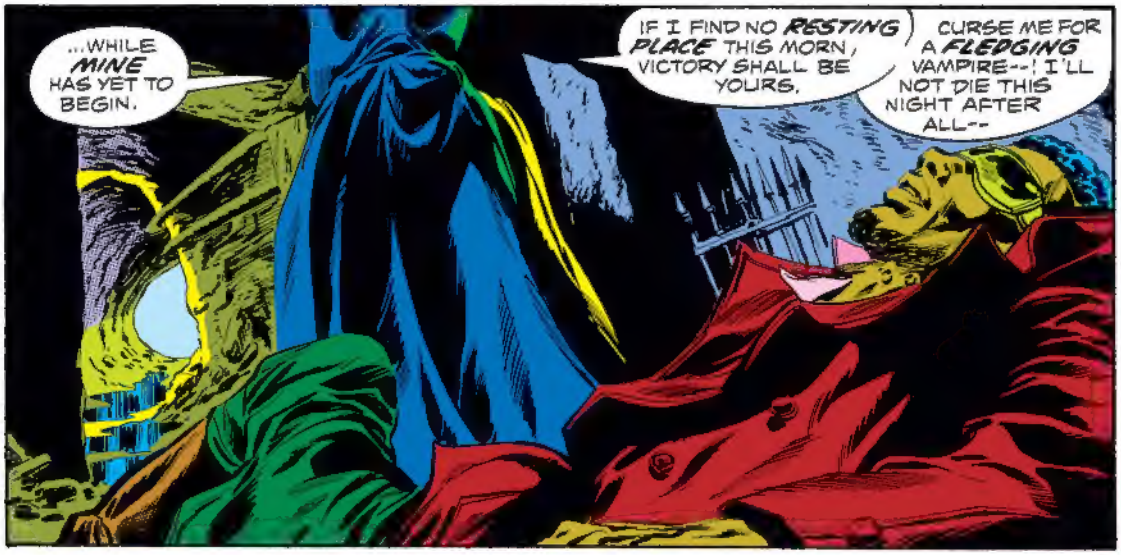
BLADE?
IT AIN'T JOHN SHAFT, RED-EYES!
FIGGERED YOU'D BE SHOWIN' UP AT ONE A' YOUR FOUR RESTING PLACES IN FRANCE WHEN WE DESTROYED YOUR SUPPLY IN ENGLAND.*
SO I JUST STAKED MYSELF HERE KNOWIN' YOU'D HAVE TO PICK ONE OF 'EM TO SLEEP FOR THE DAY.
BY THE WAY, HANDSOME--THE REST A' HARKER'S LITTLE GROUP IS WAITIN' AT YOUR OTHER COFFINS... SO WHICHEVER ONE YOU PICKED--YOU WOULD'VE LOST.
BUT, TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, FANGS--I'M KINDA GLAD YOU PICKED THIS ONE--'CAUSE I'VE BEEN ITCHIN' TO TWIST MY WOODEN KNIFE INTO YOUR STINKIN' HIDE FOR MONTHS NOW.
* YOU DIDN'T MISS ANYTHING, FANG-FANS--IT HAPPENED INBETWEEN ISSUES.--ROY.

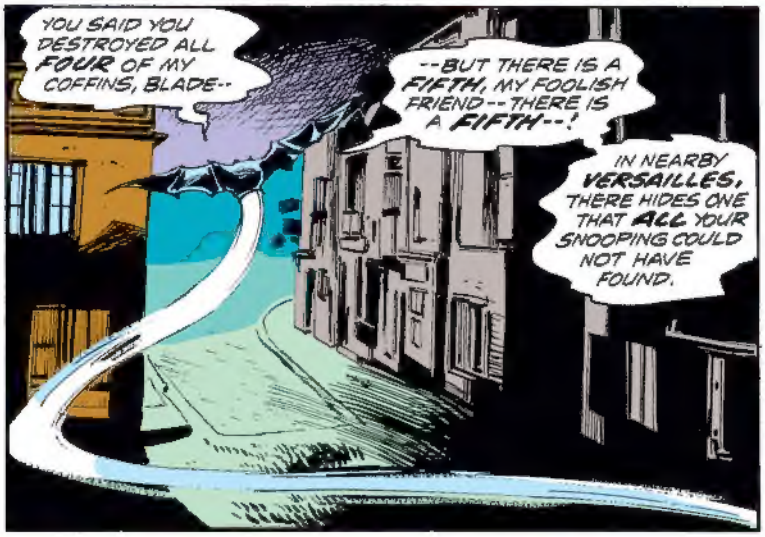
I AM PLEASED AS WELL, BLADE--BECAUSE I, TOO, HAVE WAITED LONG TO DO BATTLE WITH YOU--

--SO I MAY REND YOU ASUNDER--LIKE THIS!
YOU HAVE FOUGHT MY LEGIONS TOO LONG, BLADE--AND FAR TOO SUCCESSFULLY!

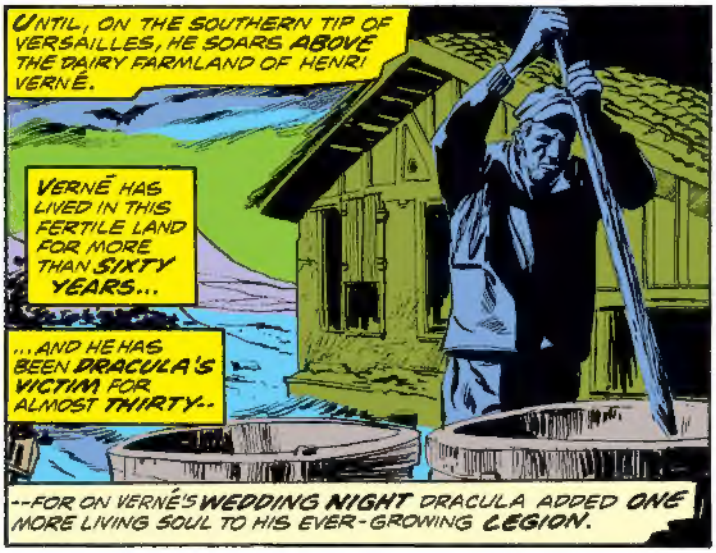
AND I MUST ALLOW NO ONE TO SPOIL MY PLANS--LEAST OF ALL A KNIFE-WIELDING FOOL.
I HAVE PROMISED MY LEGIONS YOUR DEATH BY MY HANDS, BLADE--AND SO HELP ME--I'LL SEE THAT PROMISE THROUGH!

HAH! YOU KICK--? DID YOU TRULY BELIEVE SUCH A PRIMITIVE SHOW OF FORCE COULD POSSIBLY TAKE DRACULA UNAWARES--?
DRACULA--WHO ONCE WAS THE MIGHTIEST SOLDIER IN ALL TRANSYLVANIA--
--WHO LED ARMIES OF THOUSANDS INTO BATTLE--WHO TAUGHT THEM EVERY FORM OF WARFARE?
HERE IS YOUR KICK, BLADE--AND LEARN YOUR LESSON WELL.
YOU MAY HAVE DEFEATED MY UNDEAD--BUT DRACULA SHALL NEVER BE VANQUISHED AGAIN!
UNGHHHHHH!
YOU SOUGHT MY DEATH, MY RAVEN-FLESHED FOE--
NOOOOO...!
--BUT IT SHALL BE YOUR BLOOD WHICH STAINS THESE MUSTY GROUNDS.
FAREWELL, BLADE--YOUR BATTLE HAS ENDED... FOREVER...

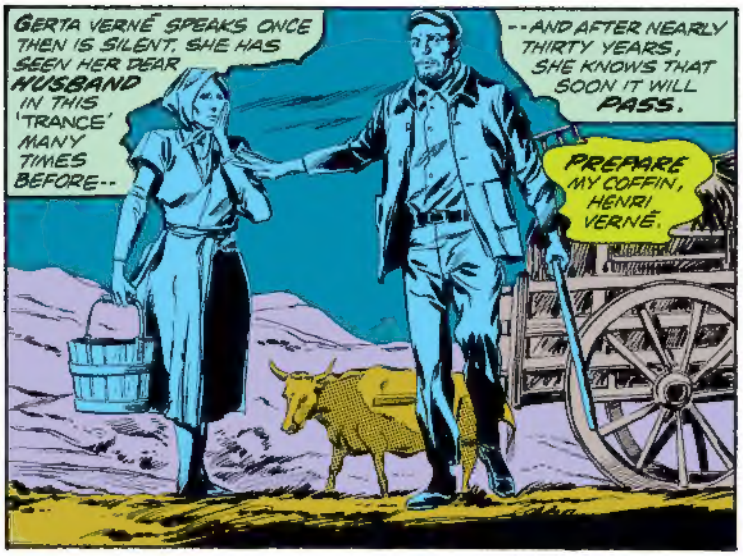

...WHILE MINE HAS YET TO BEGIN.
IF I FIND NO RESTING PLACE THIS MORN, VICTORY SHALL BE YOURS.
CURSE ME FOR A FLEDGING VAMPIRE--! I'LL NOT DIE THIS NIGHT AFTER ALL--


YOU SAID YOU DESTROYED ALL FOUR OF MY COFFINS, BLADE--
--BUT THERE IS A FIFTH, MY FOOLISH FRIEND--THERE IS A FIFTH--!
IN NEARBY VERSAILLES, THERE HIDES ONE THAT ALL YOUR SNOOPING COULD NOT HAVE FOUND.

SOUTH AND WEST, THE BAT FLIES--FASTER, EVER FASTER AS THE NIGHT GROWS LIGHT WITH THE COMING RAYS OF DAWN...
...THE CLEANSING RAYS OF A SUN WHICH WOULD BURN THE VERY LIFE FROM THE MAN-BAT DRACULA.


UNTIL, ON THE SOUTHERN TIP OF VERSAILLES, HE SOARS ABOVE THE DAIRY FARMLAND OF HENRI VERNÉ.
VERNÉ HAS LIVED IN THIS FERTILE LAND FOR MORE THAN SIXTY YEARS...
...AND HE HAS BEEN DRACULA'S VICTIM FOR ALMOST THIRTY--
--FOR ON VERNÉ'S WEDDING NIGHT DRACULA ADDED ONE MORE LIVING SOUL TO HIS EVER-GROWING LEGION.

HENRI VERNÉ--HEED THE WORD OF YOUR MASTER!
HENRI--? WHAT IS WRONG--? YOUR EYES--THEY ARE GLOWING!

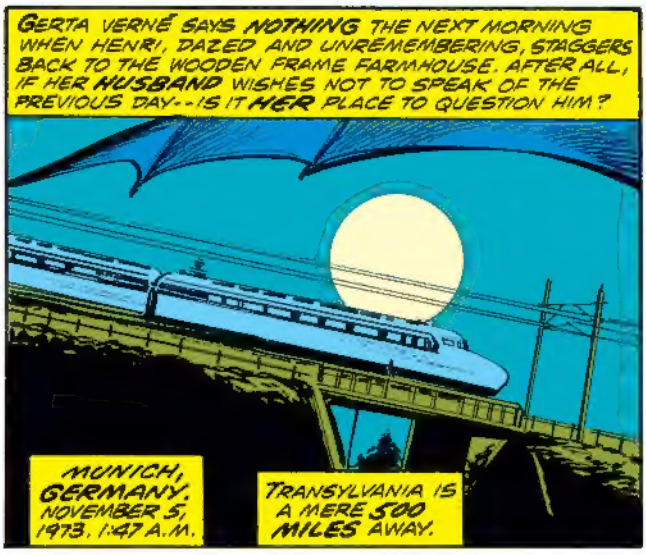

GERTA VERNÉ SPEAKS ONCE THEN IS SILENT. SHE HAS SEEN HER DEAR HUSBAND IN THIS 'TRANCE' MANY TIMES BEFORE--
--AND AFTER NEARLY THIRTY YEARS, SHE KNOWS THAT SOON IT WILL PASS.
PREPARE MY COFFIN, HENRI VERNÉ.

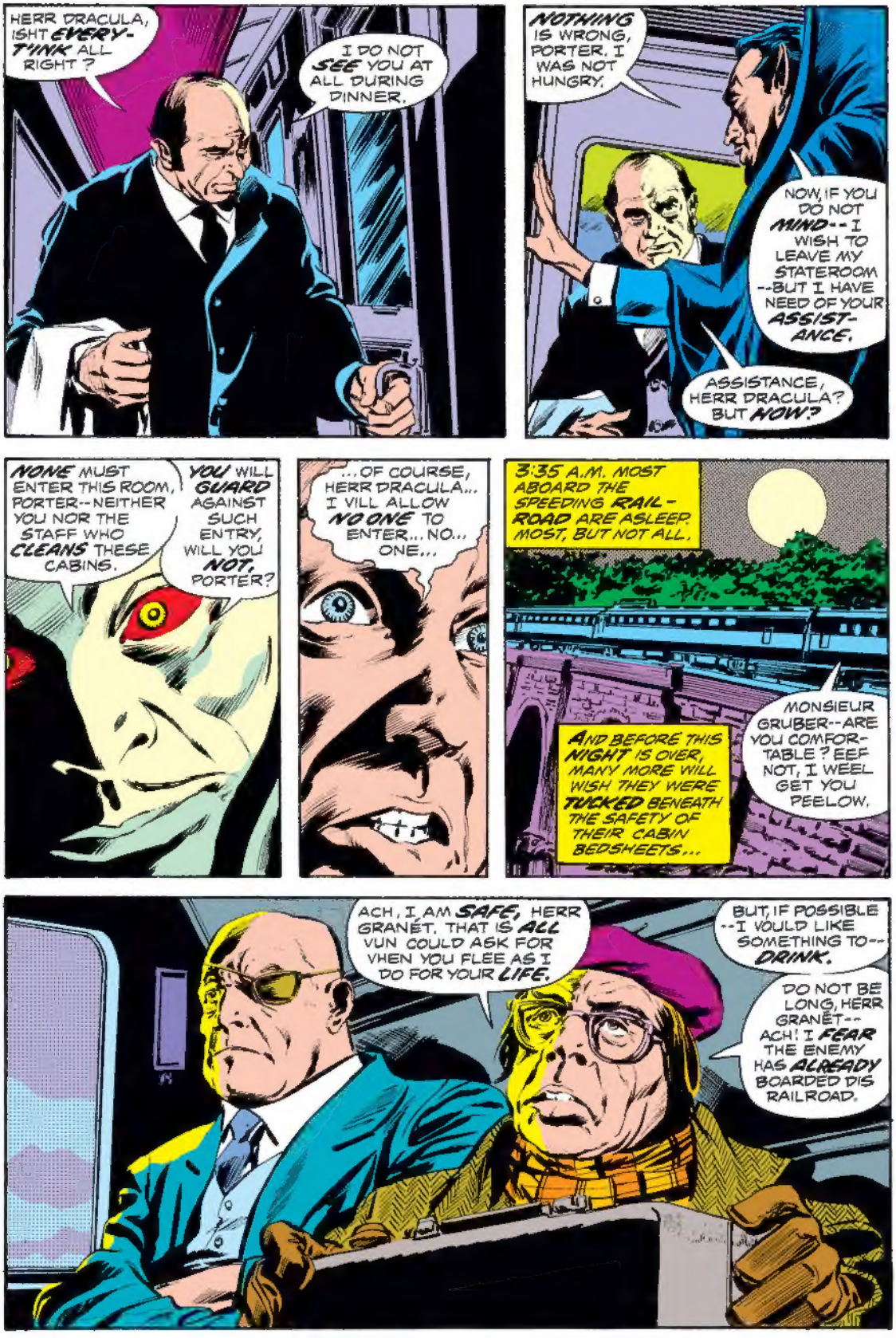
TWO BARNS REST ON THE VERNÉ FARM: ONE IS FILLED WITH LIVESTOCK WAITING HUNGRILY TO BE FED -- WHILE THE OTHER --THE OTHER-- IS CLOAKED IN DARKNESS -- TO BE USED ONLY ON 'SPECIAL' OCCASIONS...

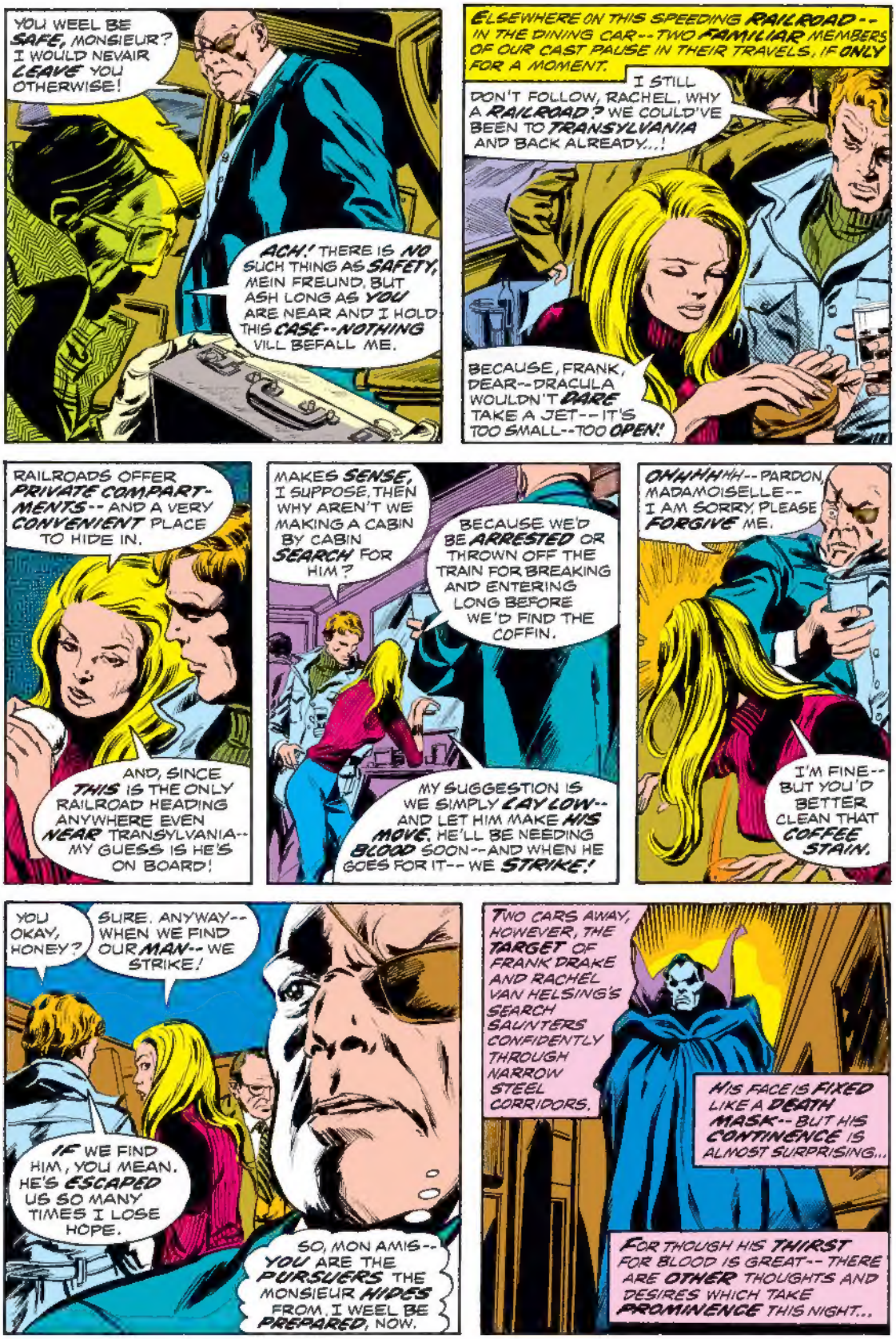
...WHEN SLEEP IS REQUIRED FOR ONE NOT ALIVE--AND YET NOT TRULY DEAD.
DRACULA

VERY GOOD, HENRI-- YOU HAVE SERVED YOUR MASTER WELL THESE MANY YEARS--
--AND, IN TURN, I HAVE SPARED YOU THE EVERLASTING LIFE OF A VAMPIRE.
BUT NOW, OLD ONE--GUARD THIS COFFIN--FOR I MUST REST THIS DAY--

--REST FOR MY COMING VOYAGE--
--TO TRANSYLVANIA!


GERTA VERNÉ SAYS NOTHING THE NEXT MORNING WHEN HENRI, DAZED AND UNREMEMBERING, STAGGERS BACK TO THE WOODEN FRAME FARMHOUSE. AFTER ALL, IF HER HUSBAND WISHES NOT TO SPEAK OF THE PREVIOUS DAY--IS IT HER PLACE TO QUESTION HIM?
MUNICH, GERMANY. NOVEMBER 5, 1973. 1:47 A.M.
TRANSYLVANIA IS A MERE 500 MILES AWAY.


HERR DRACULA, ISHT EVERY-T'INK ALL RIGHT ?
I DO NOT SEE YOU AT ALL DURING DINNER.
NOTHING IS WRONG, PORTER. I WAS NOT HUNGRY.
NOW, IF YOU DO NOT MIND-- I WISH TO LEAVE MY STATEROOM --BUT I HAVE NEED OF YOUR ASSIST-ANCE.
ASSISTANCE, HERR DRACULA? BUT NOW?
NONE MUST ENTER THIS ROOM, PORTER--NEITHER YOU NOR THE STAFF WHO CLEANS THESE CABINS.
YOU WILL GUARD AGAINST SUCH ENTRY, WILL YOU NOT, PORTER?
...OF COURSE, HERR DRACULA... I VILL ALLOW NO ONE TO ENTER... NO... ONE...
3:35 A.M. MOST ABOARD THE SPEEDING RAIL-ROAD ARE ASLEEP. MOST, BUT NOT ALL.
AND BEFORE THIS NIGHT IS OVER, MANY MORE WILL WISH THEY WERE TUCKED BENEATH THE SAFETY OF THEIR CABIN BEDSHEETS...
MONSIEUR GRUBER--ARE YOU COMFOR-TABLE? EEF NOT, I WEEL GET YOU PEELOW.
ACH, I AM SAFE, HERR GRANET. THAT IS ALL VUN COULD ASK FOR VHEN YOU FLEE AS I DO FOR YOUR LIFE.
BUT, IF POSSIBLE --I VOULD LIKE SOMETHING TO-- DRINK.
DO NOT BE LONG, HERR GRANET-- ACH! I FEAR THE ENEMY HAS ALREADY BOARDED DIS RAILROAD.

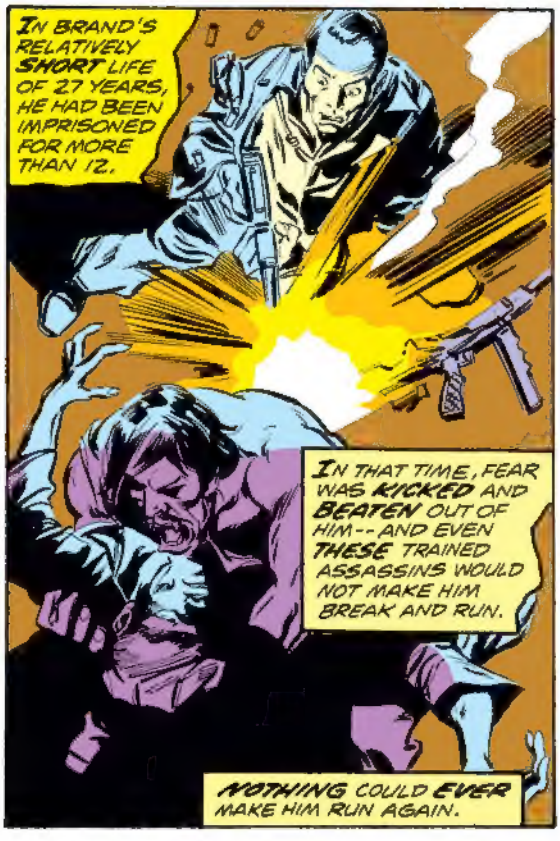

YOU WEEL BE SAFE, MONSIEUR? I WOULD NEVAIR LEAVE YOU OTHERWISE!
ACH! THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS SAFETY, MEIN FREUND, BUT ASH LONG AS YOU ARE NEAR AND I HOLD THIS CASE--NOTHING VILL BEFALL ME.
ELSEWHERE ON THIS SPEEDING RAILROAD--IN THE DINING CAR--TWO FAMILIAR MEMBERS OF OUR CAST PAUSE IN THEIR TRAVELS, IF ONLY FOR A MOMENT.
I STILL DON'T FOLLOW, RACHEL, WHY A RAILROAD? WE COULD'VE BEEN TO TRANSYLVANIA AND BACK ALREADY...!
BECAUSE, FRANK, DEAR--DRACULA WOULDN'T DARE TAKE A JET--IT'S TOO SMALL--TOO OPEN!
RAILROADS OFFER PRIVATE COMPARTMENTS--AND A VERY CONVENIENT PLACE TO HIDE IN.
AND, SINCE THIS IS THE ONLY RAILROAD HEADING ANYWHERE EVEN NEAR TRANSYLVANIA--MY GUESS IS HE'S ON BOARD!
MAKES SENSE, I SUPPOSE, THEN WHY AREN'T WE MAKING A CABIN BY CABIN SEARCH FOR HIM?
BECAUSE WE'D BE ARRESTED OR THROWN OFF THE TRAIN FOR BREAKING AND ENTERING LONG BEFORE WE'D FIND THE COFFIN.
MY SUGGESTION IS WE SIMPLY LAY LOW--AND LET HIM MAKE HIS MOVE. HE'LL BE NEEDING BLOOD SOON--AND WHEN HE GOES FOR IT--WE STRIKE!
OHHHMM--PARDON, MADAMOISELLE--I AM SORRY, PLEASE FORGIVE ME.
I'M FINE--BUT YOU'D BETTER CLEAN THAT COFFEE STAIN.
YOU OKAY, HONEY?
SURE. ANYWAY--WHEN WE FIND OUR MAN--WE STRIKE!
IF WE FIND HIM, YOU MEAN. HE'S ESCAPED US SO MANY TIMES I LOSE HOPE.
SO, MON AMIS--YOU ARE THE PURSUERS THE MONSIEUR HIDES FROM. I WEEL BE PREPARED, NOW.
TWO CARS AWAY, HOWEVER, THE TARGET OF FRANK DRAKE AND RACHEL VAN HELSING'S SEARCH SAUNTERS CONFIDENTLY THROUGH NARROW STEEL CORRIDORS.
HIS FACE IS FIXED LIKE A DEATH MASK--BUT HIS CONTINENCE IS ALMOST SURPRISING...
FOR THOUGH HIS THIRST FOR BLOOD IS GREAT--THERE ARE OTHER THOUGHTS AND DESIRES WHICH TAKE PROMINENCE THIS NIGHT...

3:42 A.M. IN SIX HOURS DRACULA SHALL ONCE AGAIN BE ON THE LAND OF HIS BIRTHPLACE MORE THAN FIVE HUNDRED YEARS BEFORE... AND HE YEARNS FOR HIS RETURN...
BUT IF HIS MIND IS LOST ON PAST REMEMBRANCES, ITS CALM IS SUDDENLY SHATTERED--
--BY THE ON RUSHING FIGURE OF A YOUTH-- --A YOUTH NAMED JACK RUSSELL.*
*WHOM WE'LL BE SEEING MORE OF NEXT ISSUE, WEREWOLF FANS. --ROY.
WHILE...
I HAVE FOUND YOUR HUNTER, MONSIEUR GRUBER--A YOUNG MAN AND A WOMAN-- WITH A SCARRED, YET STILL-VERY LOVELY FACE.
NO--! YOU ARE MISTAKEN, HERR GRANET--I HAVE SEEN THE ENEMY WITH MY OWN EYES--
LOOK--THERE HE IS NOW-- STRUTTING LIKE A SELF-RIGHTEOUS CAT. I SAW HIS EYES, MEIN FREUND--AND THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT--
--HE IS EVIL--AND HE WAITS FOR THE MOMENT TO TAKE ME AND THE CASE BACK TO THE MASTER. BUT HE WON'T! I SWEAR HE WON'T.
ONCE AGAIN WE TAKE LEAVE--THIS TIME TO TRAVEL TO THE NORTHERN IRISH COASTLINE-- AND THE JEWELED PAGODA OF A CERTAIN, SINISTER DOCTOR SUN...
VAMPIRE BRAND*-- YOU HAVE BEEN BROUGHT TO THE PRIVATE CHAMBERS OF DOCTOR SUN FOR A SHOW OF STRENGTH...
...IF YOU ACCOMPLISH THIS IN A MANNER THE DOCTOR WISHES, YOU WILL BE READY FOR TRAINING.
*ISSUES: #11, 13, 14, 16. --RT.
SHOULD YOU FAIL, YOU WILL BE PUT TO AN INSTANTANEOUS AND FINAL DEATH-- AND LAID TO REST WITH THE PREVIOUS TWELVE VAMPIRE EXPERIMENTS.
NOW, BRAND--TURN ON YOUR GUARDS, AND--DESTROY THEM!
DOCTOR SUN COMMANDS IT!

THE GUARDS DO NOT PANIC-- THEY HAVE TRAINED TWO YEARS FOR THIS MISSION--
--AND BEFORE THIS NEW VAMPIRE CAME--THEY HAD MURDERED THE TWELVE BEFORE HIM--
--AND BRAND, THEY THOUGHT --WOULD BE NO DIFFERENT.

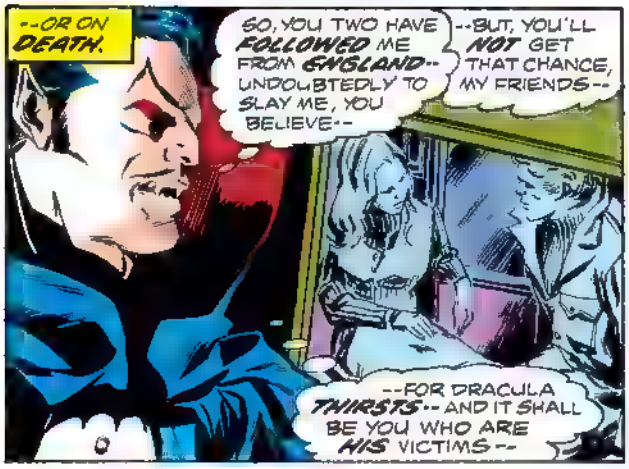
THEY FIRE THEIR LEADEN BULLETS AT BRAND-- THEY KNOW BULLETS CAN NOT HURT THE VAMPIRE--BUT THEY MERELY TEST IT FOR ITS QUOTIENT OF FEAR.
BRAND, HUNCHED OVER TO KILL-- TRAMPLES CLOSER TO THEM.

NOW, THIS IS THE MOMENT THE OTHERS DIED--THIS IS THE MOMENT THEY EXPECTED BRAND TO TURN AND FLEE-- ONLY TO BE KILLED BY THE OTHER GUARDS WAITING IN HIDING WITH STAKES AND CROSSES.
BUT BRAND IS NOT LIKE THE OTHERS. HE MOVES ON, UNFLINCHING--AND THEN HE STRIKES!

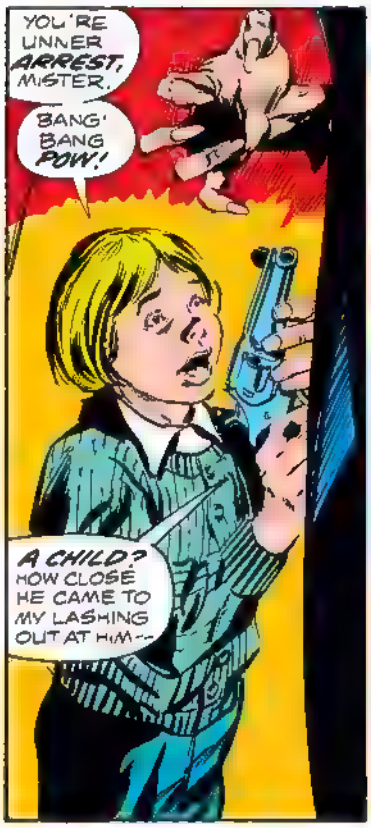

IN BRAND'S RELATIVELY SHORT LIFE OF 27 YEARS, HE HAD BEEN IMPRISONED FOR MORE THAN 12.
IN THAT TIME, FEAR WAS KICKED AND BEATEN OUT OF HIM--AND EVEN THESE TRAINED ASSASSINS WOULD NOT MAKE HIM BREAK AND RUN.
NOTHING COULD EVER MAKE HIM RUN AGAIN.

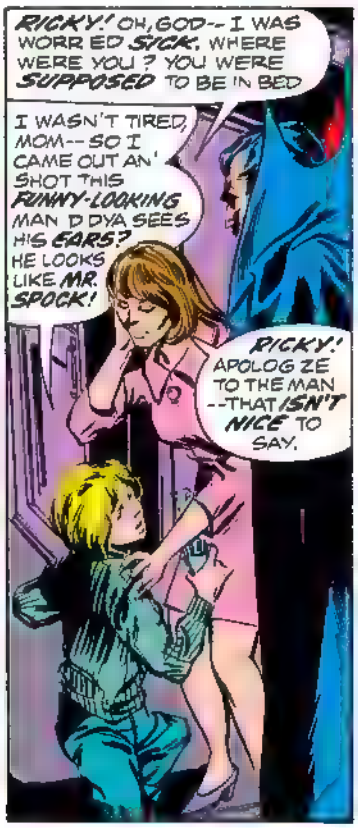
HIS FANGS SPLIT THE FIRST GUARD'S NECK, AND FRESH BLOOD DRAINS THROUGH BRAND'S THROAT. THIS IS A NEW SENSATION--AND BRAND IS PLEASED WITH IT.
ENOUGH, VAMPIRE BRAND, BEFORE THE GUARD DIES-- CEASE!
YOU HAVE PROVEN YOURSELF IN THE EYES OF DOCTOR SUN.

GRAZ, AUSTRIA. 3:45 A.M.
AUSTRIA'S SECOND LARGEST CITY IS BUT A BLUR TO THE FEW STILL AWAKE ABOARD THE SPEEDING RAIL--
--FOR THEIR MINDS ARE ON THEIR UPCOMING TOURS, OR MEETINGS, OR FAMILY REUNIONS--


--OR ON DEATH.
SO, YOU TWO HAVE FOLLOWED ME FROM ENGLAND-- UNDOUBTEDLY TO SLAY ME, YOU BELIEVE--
--BUT, YOU'LL NOT GET THAT CHANCE, MY FRIENDS--
--FOR DRACULA THIRSTS-- AND IT SHALL BE YOU WHO ARE HIS VICTIMS--

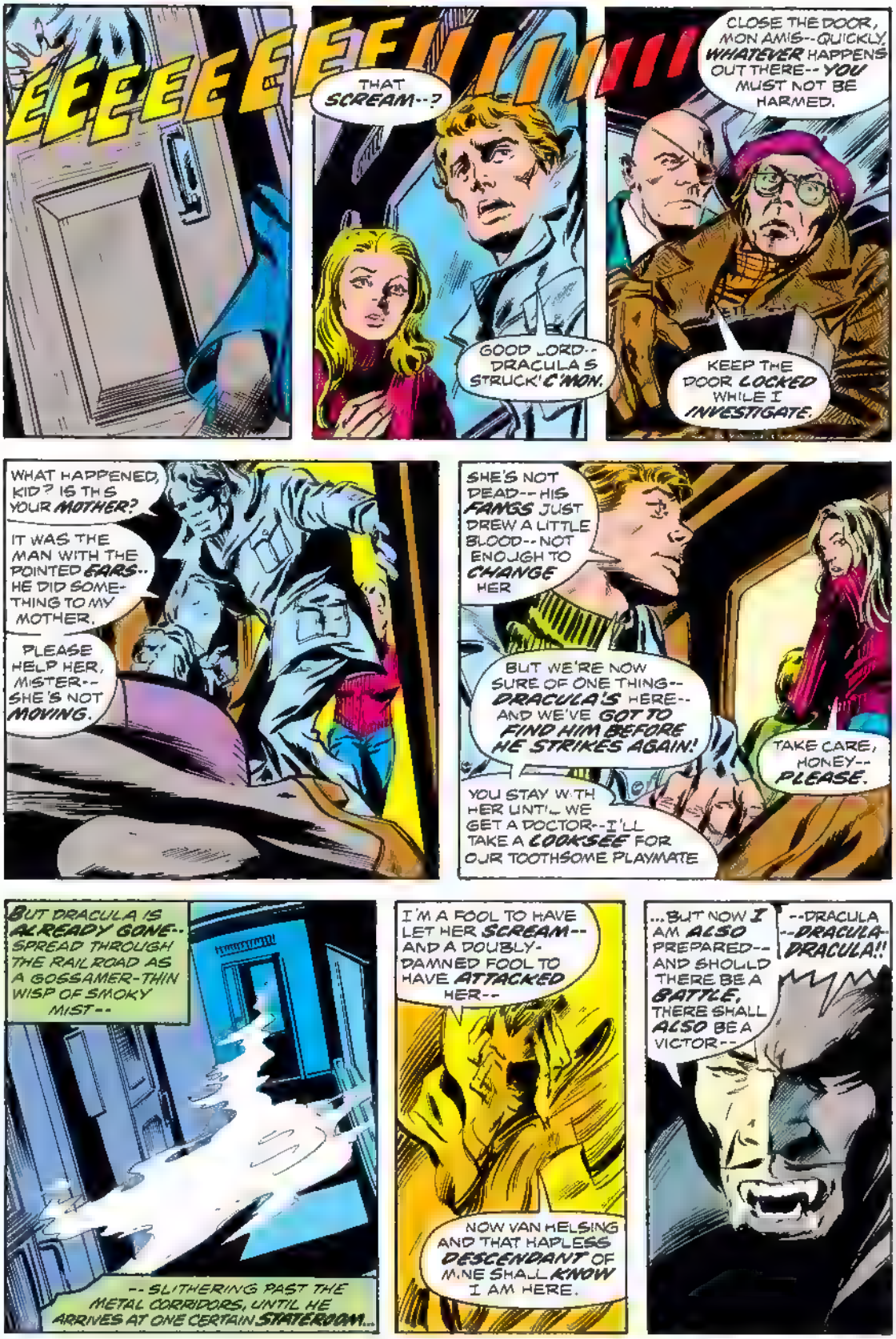
AND IT SHALL BE YOU WHO DIES AS DID THAT FOOL, BLADE.
PUT UP YOUR HANDS, MISTER AN' NO FUNNY STUFF.
WHAT--?

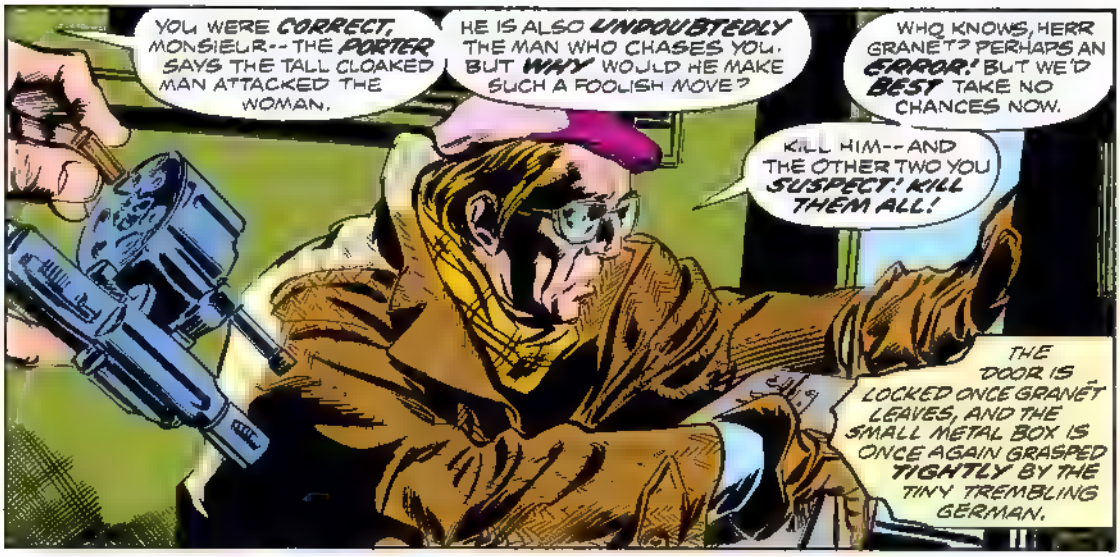

YOU'RE UNNER ARREST, MISTER.
BANG! BANG POW!
A CHILD? HOW CLOSE HE CAME TO MY LASHING OUT AT HIM--

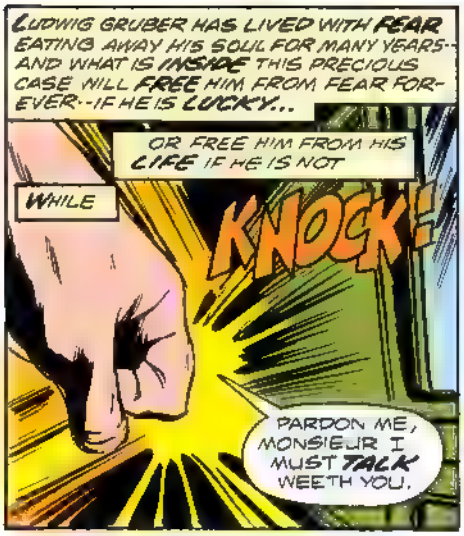

RICKY! OH, GOD-- I WAS WORR ED SICK. WHERE WERE YOU? YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE IN BED
I WASN'T TIRED, MOM-- SO I CAME OUT AN' SHOT THIS FUNNY-LOOKING MAN D'YA SEES HIS EARS? HE LOOKS LIKE MR. SPOCK!
RICKY! APOLOG ZE TO THE MAN --THAT ISN'T NICE TO SAY.

OH LORD, I'M SORRY, MISTER BUT EVER SINCE JACK DIED, IT'S BEEN IM-POSSIBLE TO CONTROL RICKY BY MYSELF.
YES, CHILD-REN CAN BE A NUISANCE AT T MES
YOU HAVE... CHILDREN?

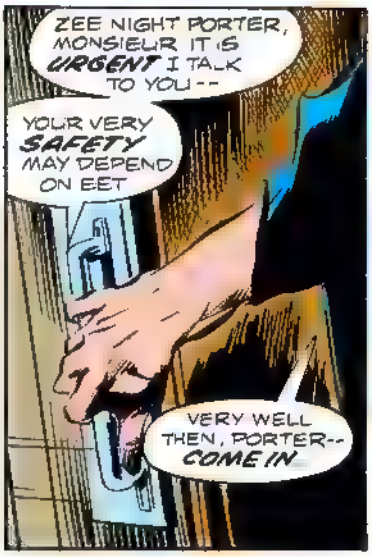
A LONG TIME AGO--A BOY AND A GIRL. BUT ENOUGH OF THEM
LET ME ESCORT YOU BACK TO YOUR ROOM.
OHHH-- OF COURSE, MR... MISTER--?
DRACULA!
DRACULA?!

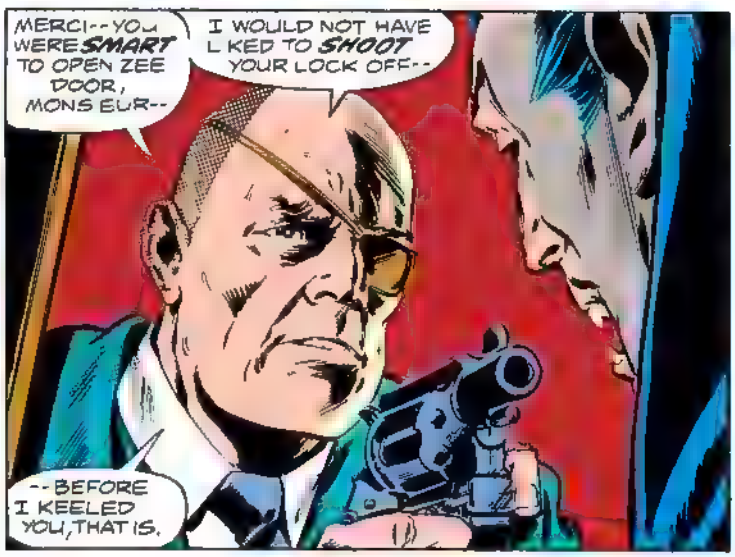

EEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!!!!!!
THAT SCREAM--?
GOOD LORD-- DRACULA S STRUCK! C'MON.
CLOSE THE DOOR, MON AMIS--QUICKLY. WHATEVER HAPPENS OUT THERE-- YOU MUST NOT BE HARMED.
KEEP THE DOOR LOCKED WHILE I INVESTIGATE.
WHAT HAPPENED, KID? IS TH S YOUR MOTHER?
IT WAS THE MAN WITH THE POINTED EARS.. HE DID SOME-THING TO MY MOTHER.
PLEASE HELP HER, MISTER-- SHE'S NOT MOVING.
SHE'S NOT DEAD-- HIS FANGS JUST DREW A LITTLE BLOOD-- NOT ENOUGH TO CHANGE HER
BUT WE'RE NOW SURE OF ONE THING-- DRACULA'S HERE-- AND WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM BEFORE HE STRIKES AGAIN!
YOU STAY W TH HER UNT L WE GET A DOCTOR--I'LL TAKE A LOOKSEE FOR OUR TOOTHSOME PLAYMATE
TAKE CARE, HONEY-- PLEASE.
BUT DRACULA IS ALREADY GONE-- SPREAD THROUGH THE RAILROAD AS A GOSSAMER-THIN WISP OF SMOKY MIST--
-- SLITHERING PAST THE METAL CORRIDORS, UNTIL HE ARRIVES AT ONE CERTAIN STATEROOM...
I'M A FOOL TO HAVE LET HER SCREAM-- AND A DOUBLY-DAMNED FOOL TO HAVE ATTACKED HER--
NOW VAN HELSING AND THAT HAPLESS DESCENDANT OF M NE SHALL KNOW I AM HERE.
...BUT NOW I AM ALSO PREPARED-- AND SHOULD THERE BE A BATTLE, THERE SHALL ALSO BE A VICTOR--
--DRACULA --DRACULA-- DRACULA!!

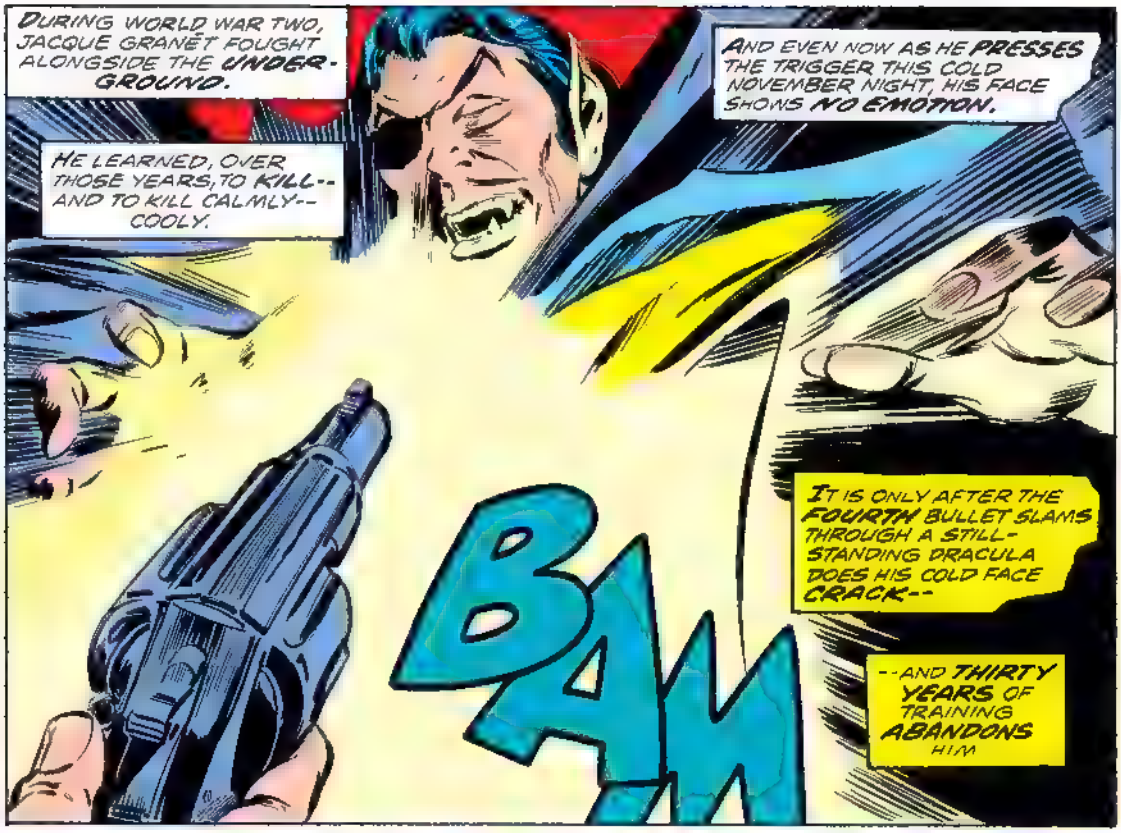

YOU WERE CORRECT, MONSIEUR-- THE PORTER SAYS THE TALL CLOAKED MAN ATTACKED THE WOMAN.
HE IS ALSO UNDOUBTEDLY THE MAN WHO CHASES YOU. BUT WHY WOULD HE MAKE SUCH A FOOLISH MOVE?
WHO KNOWS, HERR GRANET? PERHAPS AN ERROR! BUT WE'D BEST TAKE NO CHANCES NOW.
KILL HIM-- AND THE OTHER TWO YOU SUSPECT! KILL THEM ALL!
THE DOOR IS LOCKED ONCE GRANET LEAVES, AND THE SMALL METAL BOX IS ONCE AGAIN GRASPED TIGHTLY BY THE TINY TREMBLING GERMAN.

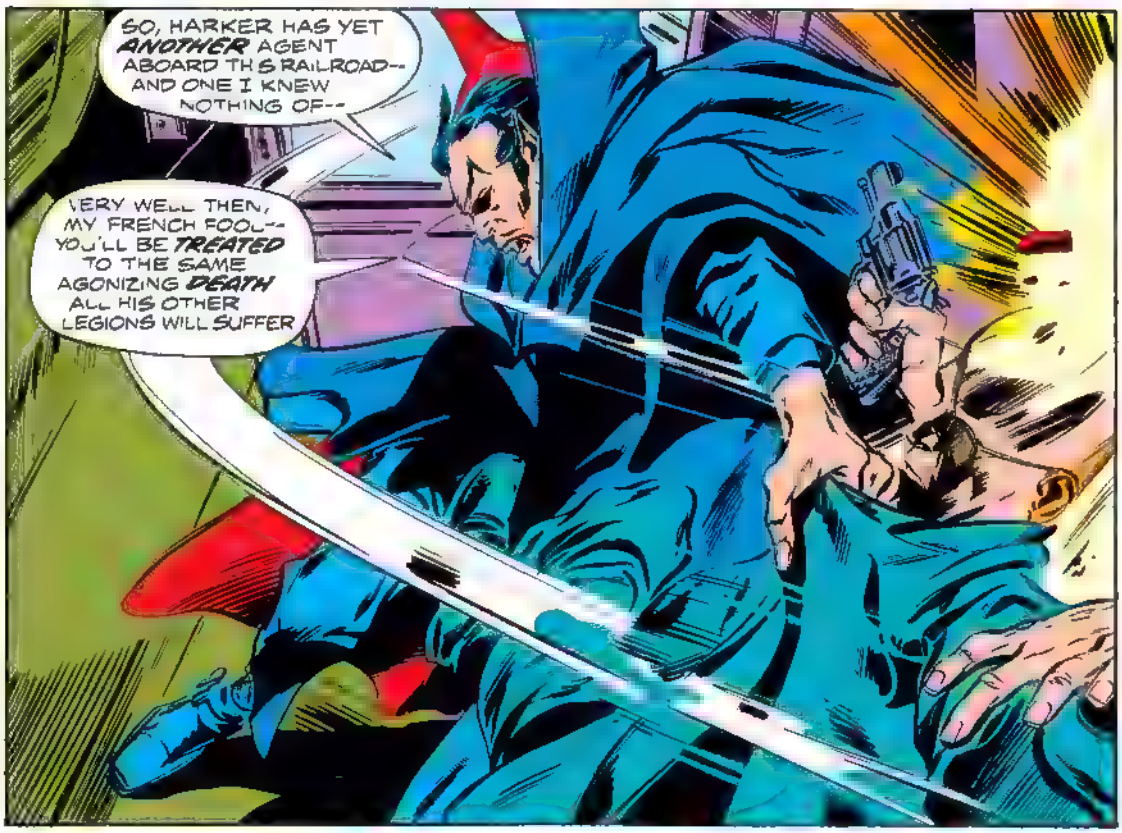

LUDWIG GRUBER HAS LIVED WITH FEAR EATING AWAY HIS SOUL FOR MANY YEARS-- AND WHAT IS INSIDE THIS PRECIOUS CASE WILL FREE HIM FROM FEAR FOREVER--IF HE IS LUCKY...
OR FREE HIM FROM HIS LIFE IF HE IS NOT
WHILE
KNOCK!
PARDON ME, MONSIEUR I MUST TALK WEETH YOU.

HAVE THEY TRACED ME TO THIS STATEROOM SO QUICKLY?
NO! THERE IS ONLY ONE MAN OUTSIDE-- PERHAPS A PORTER?
IT IS LATE-- WHO WISHES TO SPEAK WITH ME AT THIS HOUR?

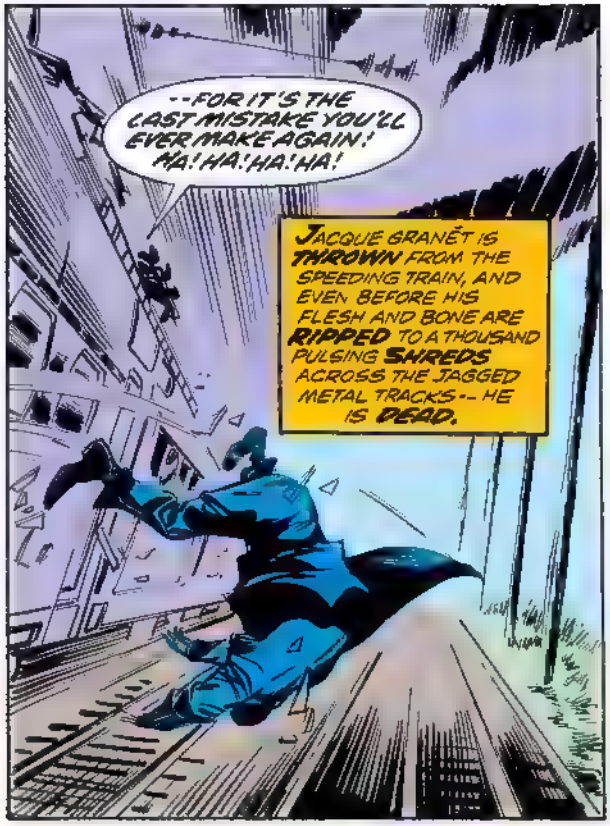

ZEE NIGHT PORTER, MONSIEUR IT IS URGENT I TALK TO YOU--
YOUR VERY SAFETY MAY DEPEND ON EET
VERY WELL THEN, PORTER-- COME IN


MERCI--YOU WERE SMART TO OPEN ZEE DOOR, MONSIEUR--
I WOULD NOT HAVE LIKED TO SHOOT YOUR LOCK OFF--
--BEFORE I KEELED YOU, THAT IS.


DURING WORLD WAR TWO, JACQUE GRANET FOUGHT ALONGSIDE THE UNDER-GROUND.
HE LEARNED, OVER THOSE YEARS, TO KILL-- AND TO KILL CALMLY-- COOLY.
AND EVEN NOW AS HE PRESSES THE TRIGGER THIS COLD NOVEMBER NIGHT, HIS FACE SHOWS NO EMOTION.
BAM
IT IS ONLY AFTER THE FOURTH BULLET SLAMS THROUGH A STILL-STANDING DRACULA DOES HIS COLD FACE CRACK--
--AND THIRTY YEARS OF TRAINING ABANDONS HIM


SO, HARKER HAS YET ANOTHER AGENT ABOARD THIS RAILROAD-- AND ONE I KNEW NOTHING OF--
VERY WELL THEN, MY FRENCH FOOL-- YOU'LL BE TREATED TO THE SAME AGONIZING DEATH ALL HIS OTHER LEGIONS WILL SUFFER

YOU PEOPLE HAVE HOUNDED ME FOR MORE THEN SEVENTY YEARS-- MAKING MY EX STENCE NOTHING MORE THAN FIGHTING AND COUNTER-FIGHTING-- PLOTTING AND COUNTER-PLOTTING.
I VE MORE IMPORTANT M SSIONS TO COMPLETE THAN THESE FOOLISH BATTLES HARKER AND HIS FOLLOWERS WISH TO HAVE WITH ME
IF YOUR LIVES ARE SO EMPTY THAT YOU'VE NOTHING TO DO BUT HUNT ME OR KILL ME--
--THEN THIS DEATH I GIVE TO YOU SHALL RELIEVE YOU OF YOUR TEDIUM.
AND REL'EVE ME OF ONE MORE MINISCULE THORN IN MY SIDE.
-- GASP-- NO-- YOU ARE-- GASP-- MIS--- TAKEN--
MISTAKEN? NO, MY FRIEND-- YOU ARE THE ONE WHO MADE THE MISTAKE--
--WHEN FIRST YOU SOUGHT ME N MY STATEROOM.
BUT YOJ NEEDN'T WORRY TOO MUCH--
SMASH!


--FOR IT'S THE LAST MISTAKE YOU'LL EVER MAKE AGAIN! HA! HA! HA! HA!
JACQUE GRANET IS THROWN FROM THE SPEEDING TRAIN, AND EVEN BEFORE HIS FLESH AND BONE ARE RIPPED TO A THOUSAND PULSING SHREDS ACROSS THE JAGGED METAL TRACKS-- HE IS DEAD.

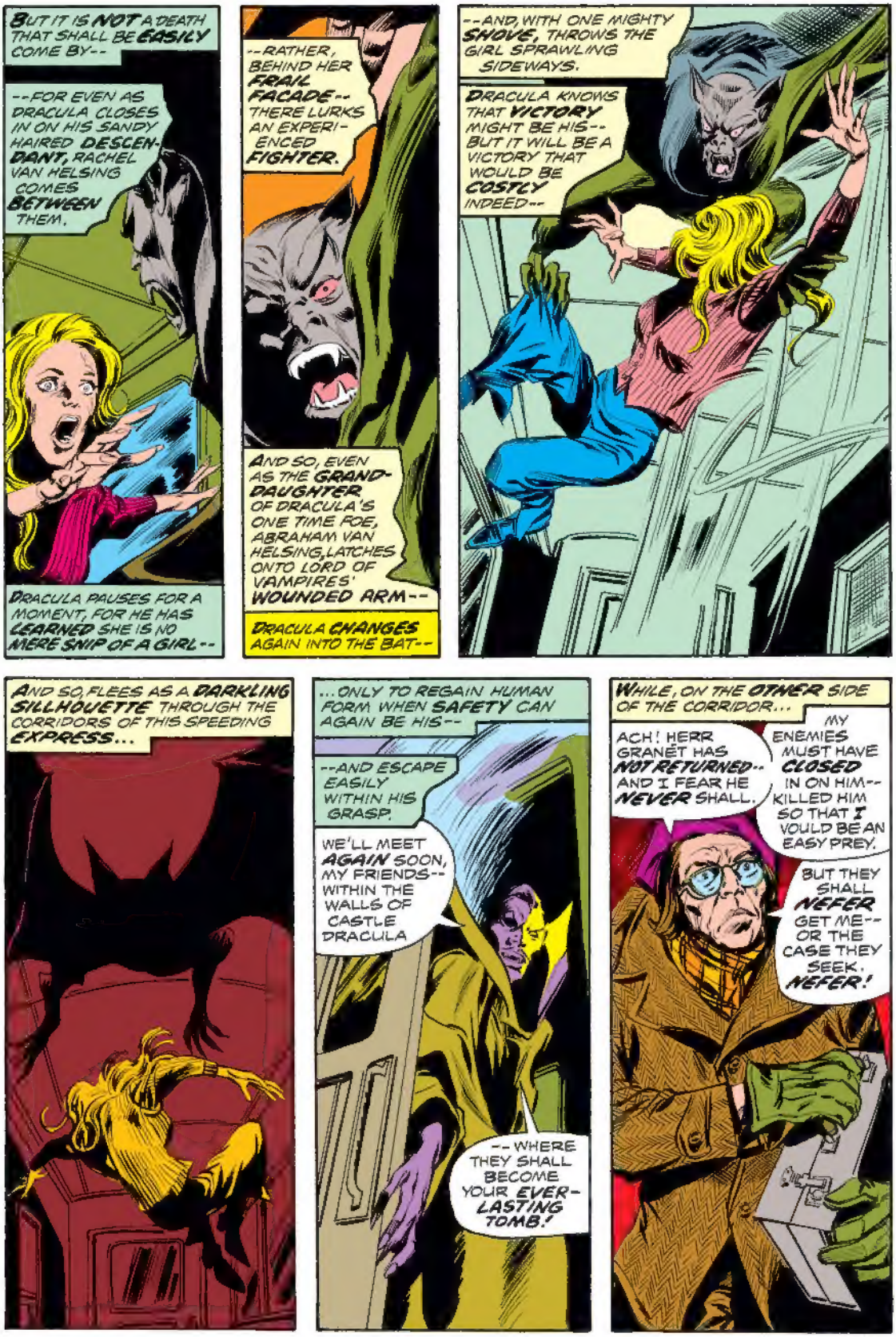
THIS RAILROAD IS NO LONGER A CONVENIENCE--AND SINCE MY CASTLE IS BUT A FEW HOURS AWAY--IT WOULD BE SAFER FOR ME TO TRAVEL BY MYSELF, NOW--
--ESPECIALLY WITH DAWN SO RAPIDLY APPROACHING BUT--WHAT? DRAKE, AND THE FEMALE VAN HELSING?
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, FANGS-- YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE-- WE HAVE A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH YOU!

YOU KNOW OF YOUR OTHER AGENT'S DEATH ALREADY? VERY WELL, THEN-- YOU MAY NOW JOIN HIM--
--SPLASHED ACROSS THE RAILS LIKE THE USELESS CORPSE HE IS!
FRANK-- WATCH FOR HIS CLAWS--

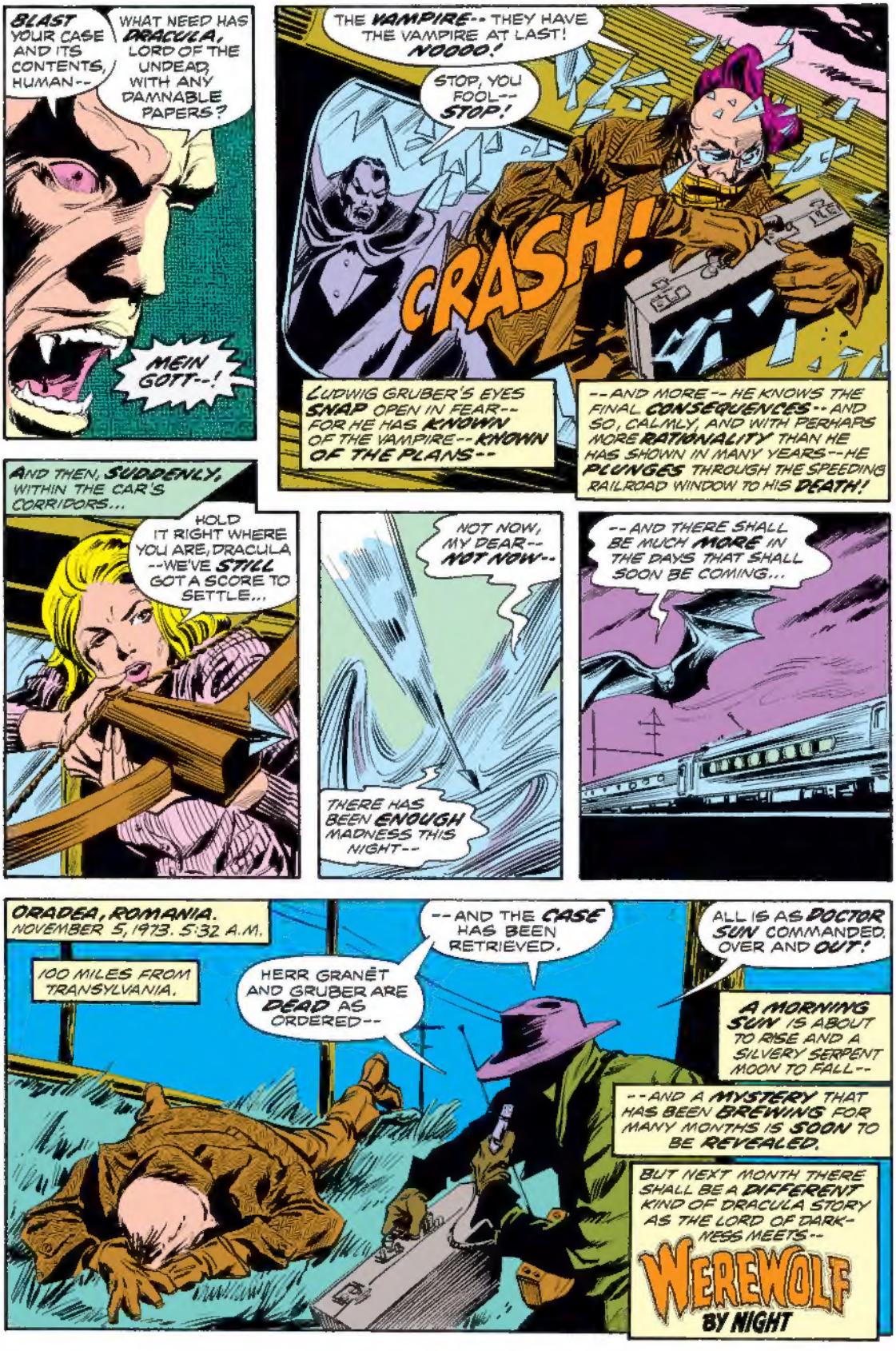
I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT, BATS--BUT WE OWE YOU FOR EDITH'S DEATH--*
--AND FOR WHAT YOU D D TO RACHEL'S FACE--*
*ISSUE #12. --RT.

AND SO HELP ME--YOU'RE GOING TO PAY!

THE BAT TURNS TO AVOID THE SLASHING STAKE..
--AND THOUGH IT TURNS IN TIME-- STILL THE WOODEN SPEAR PENE-TRATES A VITAL WING...
--AND BAT AGAIN BECOMES A HELL-MADDENED MAN.
YOU'VE SIGNED YOUR CERTIFICATE OF DEATH WITH THAT THRUST, MY FOOLISH DESCENDANT--
UP UNTIL THIS MOMENT I HAVE AVOIDED SLAYING YOU-- PERHAPS IN SOME FOOLISH ANCESTRAL HOPE THAT YOU WOULD SOMEDAY WANT TO CLAIM YOUR TRUE NAME--
--BUT NOW NOTHING SHALL STOP ME ENDING YOUR PITIFUL LIFE BEFORE ANOTHER MOMENT HAS FLED.
I'M WAITING FOR YOU TO TRY, DRAC--I'VE BEEN WAITING FROM THE MOMENT RACHEL SAVED ME FROM KILLING MYSELF BECAUSE OF YOU.*
* ISSUE #3. --NOSTALGIC ROY.
WHAT A SHAME YOU WAITED IN VAIN, FRANK DRAKE--
SMAKK!
--BECAUSE YOU'RE GOING TO DIE ANYWAY.
EVEN YOUR FATHER WAS MORE OF A MAN THAN YOU TURNED OUT TO BE, DRAKE--
--AT LEAST HE WAS A SOLDIER-- A MAN WHO KNEW WHAT FIGHTING WAS ALL ABOUT--
-- BUT ALL YOU KNOW IS HOW TO COWER, AND CRINGE--AND ULTIMATELY--
--TO DIE!


BUT IT IS NOT A DEATH THAT SHALL BE EASILY COME BY--
--FOR EVEN AS DRACULA CLOSES IN ON HIS SANDY HAIRED DESCENDANT, RACHEL VAN HELSING COMES BETWEEN THEM.
DRACULA PAUSES FOR A MOMENT, FOR HE HAS LEARNED SHE IS NO MERE SNIP OF A GIRL--
--RATHER, BEHIND HER FRAIL FACADE-- THERE LURKS AN EXPERIENCED FIGHTER.
AND SO, EVEN AS THE GRANDDAUGHTER OF DRACULA'S ONE TIME FOE, ABRAHAM VAN HELSING, LATCHES ONTO LORD OF VAMPIRES' WOUNDED ARM--
DRACULA CHANGES AGAIN INTO THE BAT--
--AND, WITH ONE MIGHTY SHOVE, THROWS THE GIRL SPRAWLING SIDEWAYS.
DRACULA KNOWS THAT VICTORY MIGHT BE HIS-- BUT IT WILL BE A VICTORY THAT WOULD BE COSTLY INDEED--
AND SO, FLEES AS A DARKLING SILLHOUETTE THROUGH THE CORRIDORS OF THIS SPEEDING EXPRESS...
...ONLY TO REGAIN HUMAN FORM WHEN SAFETY CAN AGAIN BE HIS--
--AND ESCAPE EASILY WITHIN HIS GRASP.
WE'LL MEET AGAIN SOON, MY FRIENDS-- WITHIN THE WALLS OF CASTLE DRACULA
--WHERE THEY SHALL BECOME YOUR EVER-LASTING TOMB!
WHILE, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CORRIDOR...
ACH! HERR GRANET HAS NOT RETURNED-- AND I FEAR HE NEVER SHALL.
MY ENEMIES MUST HAVE CLOSED IN ON HIM-- KILLED HIM SO THAT I WOULD BE AN EASY PREY.
BUT THEY SHALL NEFER GET ME-- OR THE CASE THEY SEEK. NEFER!

SO--YOU DID MURDER POOR GRANËT--AND NOW YOU COME FOR ME AS I THOUGHT.
BUT I SHALL NOT BE TAKEN EASILY, MEIN FREUND.
VHEN I TOOK THESE DOCUMENTS FROM OUR MASTER'S SAFE--THEY WERE MY INSURANCE OF SAFETY--
--THEY VILL TAKE ME AWAY FROM HIS CLUTCHES--VHERE HE CAN NEFER TOUCH ME AGAIN, DO YOU UNDERSTAND, KILLER? DO YOU?
YOU SPEAK IN RIDDLES, MAD MAN, YES, I KILLED THE ONE YOU CALL GRANËT--BUT NOW I SENSE I DID SO FOR THE WRONG REASONS!
HE WAS NOT ONE OF HARKER'S BAND--YET WHY DID HE SEEK ME OUT--?
WHY DID HE ATTEMPT TO SLAY ME?
YOU SEEK TO CONFUSE ME, SCHWEIN--YOU COME FROM THE MASTER--,
YOU WANT THE CASE AND THE DOCUMENTS I SPENT YEARS COLLECTING--YEARS RESEARCHING FOR HIM--
BUT I WON'T GIVE THEM UP--I'D RATHER DIE FIRST THEN GO BACK TO HIM NOW.
WHICHEVER MASTER YOU SERVED WILL NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN--FOR YOU ARE CORRECT IN ONE THING AT LEAST, FOOL--
--YOU WILL DIE BEFORE YOU SEE ANOTHER LIVING SOUL.
STAY BACK, I VARN YOU--YOU VILL NOT TAKE THE CASE FROM ME--


BLAST YOUR CASE AND ITS CONTENTS, HUMAN--
WHAT NEED HAS DRACULA, LORD OF THE UNDEAD, WITH ANY DAMNABLE PAPERS?
MEIN GOTT--!
THE VAMPIRE-- THEY HAVE THE VAMPIRE AT LAST! NOOOO!
STOP, YOU FOOL-- STOP!
CRASH!
LUDWIG GRUBER'S EYES SNAP OPEN IN FEAR-- FOR HE HAS KNOWN OF THE VAMPIRE-- KNOWN OF THE PLANS--
--AND MORE-- HE KNOWS THE FINAL CONSEQUENCES-- AND SO, CALMLY, AND WITH PERHAPS MORE RATIONALITY THAN HE HAS SHOWN IN MANY YEARS-- HE PLUNGES THROUGH THE SPEEDING RAILROAD WINDOW TO HIS DEATH!
AND THEN, SUDDENLY, WITHIN THE CAR'S CORRIDORS...
HOLD IT RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE, DRACULA --WE'VE STILL GOT A SCORE TO SETTLE...
NOT NOW, MY DEAR-- NOT NOW--
THERE HAS BEEN ENOUGH MADNESS THIS NIGHT--
--AND THERE SHALL BE MUCH MORE IN THE DAYS THAT SHALL SOON BE COMING...
ORADEA, ROMANIA. NOVEMBER 5, 1973. 5:32 A.M.
100 MILES FROM TRANSYLVANIA.
HERR GRANET AND GRUBER ARE DEAD AS ORDERED--
--AND THE CASE HAS BEEN RETRIEVED.
ALL IS AS DOCTOR SUN COMMANDED. OVER AND OUT!
A MORNING SUN IS ABOUT TO RISE AND A SILVERY SERPENT MOON TO FALL--
--AND A MYSTERY THAT HAS BEEN BREWING FOR MANY MONTHS IS SOON TO BE REVEALED.
BUT NEXT MONTH THERE SHALL BE A DIFFERENT KIND OF DRACULA STORY AS THE LORD OF DARKNESS MEETS--
WEREWOLF BY NIGHT